NUMB. XVI.

The GRUMBLER.

By Squire GIZZARD.

Ludus enim genuit trepidum certamen & iram;
Ira truces inimicitias & funebre bellum. Hor.

From *Tueſday* May 10. to *Friday* May 13. 1715.

MY Siſter *Martha* went on *Monday* Night laſt to the Play-Houſe in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*; from thence ſhe came to make me a Viſit, on purpoſe to inform me of the Tumult, which was raiſed there. She gave me a very particular Account of every Circumſtance from the Beginning to the End. I have myſelf been ſeveral times a Witneſs to Diſorders of the ſame Nature at the Houſe in *Drury-Lane*, during the memorable Reign of the *Mobocks*; thoſe merry Gentlemen were the great Improvers of the *Cat-Call*, which, ſince the Fall of their Empire, has never been heard to ſqueak till the 9*th* Inſtant.

I have made diligent Enquiry amongſt the oldeſt Criticks now living, and they are not able to inform me, what Lover of Diſcord firſt invented the *Cat-Call*: But they all agree, it muſt be ſome *Barbarian*, unacquainted with polite Letters; becauſe they can find no Hint in the Claſſick Authors, which might induce them to imagine, that either the *Grecian* or the *Roman* Theaters, amongſt their ſeveral ſorts of Pipes, ever made uſe of this little, obſtreperous Fiſt-Inſtrument. Thus much we may ſafely affirm of our own Countrymen; that they who have made the greateſt Noiſe in this Iſland, with this inharmonious Tube, have never been heard of any other way.

But to return: When my Siſter had made an End of her Story, I found my Indignation riſe apace againſt the Authors of the Uproar; and the more, when ſhe had inſtructed me in the trifling Occaſion, and the dreadful Conſequences which had like to have enſued. Upon this ſhe left me, and I retired to my Study, with a Reſolution (as I promiſed her) to *Grumble* loudly at ſuch Enormities, for the better ſecuring of the Peace in our Publick Diverſions for the future. However, upon ſecond Thoughts, I curbed the vehemence of my Anger, and thought I might ſufficiently acquit myſelf of my Duty, if for this Time I only laid down ſome Conſiderations upon this Occaſion, to be peruſed at leiſure by ſuch Gentlemen as have not yet learned to be *Merry and Wiſe*.

The firſt Maxim I ſhall inſiſt upon, is, that there is a great Deference due to Publick Aſſemblies, of what kind ſoever they may be. A Multitude demands reſpect: And no Man, who has any regard to himſelf, will openly expreſs a diſregard to a Concourſe of People.

In

(Price Two-Pence.)

In the next Place, it is a great Miſtake in any Man to think, becauſe he is out of Humour himſelf, that he has a right to ſour another; much leſs to interrupt the Diverſions of a gay Circle of both Sexes, met on purpoſe to improve their good Humour.

Laſtly, I take it for granted, that no Perſon, on pain of forfeiting his Modeſty and Diſcretion, can pretend to *ſhew* in Publick, without firſt asking leave of the Company, or giving out Bills and Advertiſements, before-hand, of his Intentions.

The whole Compaſs of Prudence, with reference to Behaviour at the Recreations exhibited in the *Hay-Market*, in *Drury-Lane*, in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, at *Mary-bone* and *Hockley*, is fully contained in theſe three general Obſervations. I have been at ſome Pains to word them with all poſſible Brevity and Perſpicuity, in conſideration of the Perſons for whoſe Uſe they are chiefly intended; and I hope to ſee the good Effects of my Labour, in the quiet Enjoyment of the Paſtimes of the Town next Winter.

To ANTHONY GIZZARD, *Eſq;*

St. James's, May 10.

SIR,

'FRom the Recipe and the Catch ſent you by 'your Brother *Tom*, and from your Two 'Papers upon the Eclipſe, as well as by your 'Notification to all Men of Letters from *Tower-'Hill*, we may conclude, that you intend not on-'ly to Reform, but likewiſe to Inſtruct and Di-'vert the Age. It is upon this Suppoſition, that 'I venture to ſend you a ſmall Poetical Compoſition of my own, which is not the Work of 'Invention, ſo much as the natural Reſult of a 'long Experience in the unaccountable Perplexities of Love.

'If you think it will be no Diſcredit to your 'Paper, it will very much flatter my Vanity to 'find the incloſed there. It may, beſides, do 'me a double Service, by letting one Lady ſee, 'how like a Philoſopher I ſupport myſelf under 'her Indifference; and by convincing another, 'that Love is a capricious Paſſion, ſeldom at on' own Diſpoſal. I am with the greateſt Reſpe'

SIR,

Your moſt obedient Servant,

PHILANDER.

SONG.

I.

WHY we Love, and why we Hate,
Is not granted us to know.
Vainly we repine at Fate;
Cupid *draws a random Bow.*

II.

If on me Zelinda *frown,*
Why ſhould I uneaſy live?
Her Diſdain is not her own;
Let me then no longer grieve.

III.

If I for Zelinda *die,*
Deaf to poor Miſella's *Cries;*
Ask not me the Reaſon why,
Seek the Riddle in the Skies.

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** *I muſt inform the Gentleman, who writes to me in the Stile of Brother, and ſubſcribes himſelf* James Gizzard; *that our Family has, Time out of Mind, conceived a mortal Averſion to that Name; and that we have made a Reſolution never to have a* James *amongſt us.*

N. B. *This Paper is continued every* Tueſday *and* Friday, *and Correſpondents are deſired to direct for*

ANTHONY GIZZARD, *Eſq;* Or,
To the GRUMBLER.

To be left at W. Wilkins's, *at the* Dolphin *in* Little-Britain; *and I can aſſure them, that every ſuch Letter will come to the Hands of their faithful humble Servant.*

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LONDON: *Printed by* W. WILKINS, *at the* Dolphin *in* Little-Britain; *and Sold by* R. BURLEIGH, *in* Amen-Corner.
Where Advertiſements are taken in.

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